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DOGGING THE PRESIDENT.

WHY should anybody in or out of Congress doubt the President's desire to seize the first opportunity for action that may hasten the establishment of peace in Europe?

Why should restless persons whose brains have become supersaturated with one idea be continually prowling around him as if to make sure that he is not secretly urging on the belligerents?

It seems amazing that so many otherwise intelligent Americans are not to be persuaded that the warring nations are keeping on with the fight for any other reason save that no kind friend has stepped forward and begged them to stop.

There appear to be members of Congress, even, who entertain a vague notion that if the United States were to repudiate preparedness, reduce its army and scrap most of its battleships, Europe would stand transfixed at a spectacle so beautiful and cry "Behold at last our peacemaker!"

We are confident the President will not permit himself to be pushed into a position of absurdity by insistent pressure from people who have been too busy deploring what is going on in Europe ever to make an effort to understand it.

He seems to have made clear to Representative Hinley of Missouri at least why this nation should not allow itself to be used by any belligerent or group of belligerents as a handy stick with which to prod the rest into a discussion of peace terms.

In the speech which he is to deliver to-morrow night before the League to Enforce Peace the President will have a still better chance to explain to the country his watchful, ever-ready attitude toward mediation and also the responsibility which rests on him to keep the nation from being thrust into a false position where it could only be rebuffed or made ridiculous.

We wish Sir Edward Grey, the French Minister of Finance, M. Ribot, and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg could briefly address the meeting by "long distance."

DEFYING DARKNESS.

THE WORLD invites Americans to provide the means to illumine by night the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor.

The fund required is not large. There are scores of individual Americans of wealth who could easily subscribe the amount and never miss it. But how much better for all citizens, men, women and children, to brighten Liberty with their eagerly offered dimes, nickels and pennies, even as 120,000 of them built the pedestal for the statue thirty years ago.

The lighting plan has been carefully worked out. It will surround the majestic figure with a soft, revealing radiance upon which the eye may rest without strain or fatigue. Liberty thus aglow will for years to come inspire and thrill the millions of visitors and travellers who arrive in or depart from New York's great harbor after nightfall.

In the present state of the world the whole idea appeals with special force to the imagination. In the minds of most Americans the superb figure with torch uplifted—never to be lowered—stands for Peace as well as Liberty. When darkness envelops half of civilization, is it not fitting for this country to make sure that Liberty, as it understands liberty, shall be irradiated with never-failing light?

SEA FOOD NEVER CHEAPER.

WITH lobsters that cost eighty cents a pound two months ago now quoted at from twenty-five to thirty cents, while sea bass and bluefish have dropped from thirty to twelve and fifteen cents a pound, there ought to be a good chance to refute the old Boston theory that New Yorkers never see enough fish to know what it's really like as a regular article of diet.

It's a fact that we don't eat as much fish as folks around Massachusetts Bay. One or two varieties of first rate sea food well known in the Bay State—swordfish for instance—are practically unheard of in New York. Many a New Yorker would have to confess that lobsters, clams and oysters are about the only kind of fish he ever hankers after.

With the price of beef, mutton and lamb steadily climbing, the phenomenal catches of fish brought into the city daily and sold at astonishingly low prices come as a timely hint which housekeepers should be quick to make the most of. If New York were suddenly to get a new taste and go on a fish diet this summer, there would be some mighty quick revising of prices on the part of the meat barons.

Hits From Sharp Wits

When opportunity knocks very loudly, better stop to investigate whether it is not something else disguised.

• • •

Those who look on while others work could accomplish much if they would employ their time usefully instead.—Albany Journal.

• • •

A woman reveals her age only when she is very young or very old.—Baltimore American.

• • •

It's a waste of time to listen to an uninteresting liar.—Toledo Blade.

• • •

Perhaps we shall never know how much of the world's philosophy is the result of indigestion.—Toledo Blade.

• • •

The Russian who coined the expression "You cannot sew buttons on your neighbor's mouth" probably lived next to a young lady who was "taking voice."—Macon News.

• • •

Applying all remedies recommended for a cold serves for diversion while nature effects the cure.

• • •

The lover who proclaims his readiness to go through fire for the object of his affections may make the husband who growls when the heater needs his attention.—Albany Journal.

Letters From the People

Yes; Yes; No.

To the Editor of The Evening World

Are marriage licenses now required in all States? Is marriage between first cousins permitted in some of the States? Do all the States require the man to be twenty-one to marry without the consent of his parents? S. E.

Free Except on Mondays and Fridays.

To the Editor of The Evening World

Can I take out of town visitors to the Metropolitan Museum of Art without paying admission? One friend told me she was charged admission, while another told me she and two friends were not required to pay.

MRS. J. L. THOMAS.

No. 200 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

To the Editor of The Evening World

Can you give me the address of the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America? W. P. L.

Ranks With Army Colonel.

To the Editor of The Evening World

To decide an argument please inform me whether or not a naval captain ranks the same or higher than an army captain. GEORGE HEALY.

The Pendulum

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the poetess with a heart and a soul, demonstrated to the members of the Live and Let Live Section of the Delhi Women's Betterment League at a meeting at Hugus Hall Wednesday the ease with which one genuinely gifted with the ability to write poetry can turn out rhymes. The news that she was to do this had been circulated among the ladies and, as a result, the attendance was large. Mrs. Elisha Q. Pertle, Promptress of the Section, presided.

Prior to the introduction of Miss Doolittle Mrs. Squash Artz read a paper on "The Advantage of Knowing the Habits of One's Husband." In it she declared that a woman should know it if her husband were inclined to intemperance.

"This is a vital necessity," said Mrs. Artz. "We should study his drinking tendencies in order that when we find him lying on the front porch we may know he is intoxicated, not dead."

She was roundly applauded, and when Miss Doolittle was presented by Mrs. Pertle, the poetess congratulated Mrs. Artz.

"It was a fine paper," said Miss Doolittle.

"You know it!" sang out Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien, in the front row.

"Order!" was Mrs. Pertle's stern response.

The poetess then took up her demonstration. "I shall show," she said, "how easy it is for one to write poetry if one is a genuine bard. In order to do so I shall compose a poem right here on the stage."

"Hop to it!" said Mrs. O'Brien.

"Expurgate the remarks!" snapped Mrs. Pertle, who was plainly exasperated.

Miss Doolittle then began with the following:

Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien is in the front row.
I see her cherry red locks.

"Don't kid the customers," said Mrs. O'Brien, interrupting.

"I shall have to ask you to be quiet, Mrs. Skeeter," said Mrs. Pertle, "Miss Doolittle cannot show us her art if a lot of boobeasess are to interrupt her."

"I got you" was Mrs. O'Brien's only comment.

Miss Doolittle continued:

Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien is in the front row.
I see her cherry red locks.
While Mrs. Pliny Pickleton, they say,
Has put her ring in hock.

"Just a minute!" said Mrs. Pickleton arising. "Where do you get that stuff? My ring is being repaired. I'm a lady, and no lady ever hocks any of her jewelry."

"No offense!" responded Miss Doolittle. "I was only quoting what Mrs. Slats Baker said to me and"——

"Oh, she did, did she?" said Mrs. Pickleton. "Well, the only ring she ever had came out of a prize package."

"Order! Intense order!" commanded Mrs. Pertle.

"I'll reply to that after the meeting," snapped Mrs. Baker from the rear of the hall.

Again Miss Doolittle rhymed:

Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien is in the front row.
I see her cherry red locks.
While Mrs. Pliny Pickleton, they say,
Has put her ring in hock.
My sister's child, Teeney Rickets,
Is such a little case,
Last night she grew very active,
Kicking grandpa in the face!

"Lovely!" said Mrs. O'Brien.

"That's enough!" said Miss Doolittle. "Now, do you see how easy it is?"

"Too darned easy!" growled Mrs. Baker.

Miss Doolittle then leaped off the rostrum and, sitting at the piano, sang her latest ballad, entitled: "He Often Bent the Elbow Over Gyp McCarthy's Bar."

The ladies applauded with great gusto.

All were pleased.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"CAN you let me have a little more money this week?" asked Mrs. Jarr, with a sigh.

"You don't have to pay the bills; you don't know how it is."

"You talk like my Uncle Bill," said Mr. Jarr. "When he was out of work for three months and his wife complained there was nothing to eat in the house he said he guessed they'd have to take in boarders."

"Well, I'm not going to take in boarders," replied Mrs. Jarr, "and you needn't complain about nothing to eat in the house. There's plenty to eat in this house. If I didn't set such a good table I might have more money to spend on clothes and things I need."

"There you go!" said Mr. Jarr. "You are like all the rest of the women, taking everything said as personal."

"This is a personal matter," replied Mrs. Jarr, "and if you hadn't put that money in the savings bank in one of your fits of economy by which I always suffer I'd have plenty of money!"

"All right," said Mr. Jarr. "Go downtown and take it out. I don't care."

"Ill draw the interest you were talking so much about, anyway," said Mrs. Jarr.

Her husband only grinned, but made no reply, and Mrs. Jarr went downtown to draw the interest.

"Take your place in line," said the uniformed attendant in the bank. "What do you want to do, put in or take out?"

"I might know there would be something humiliating about a savings bank," said Mrs. Jarr, grimly, to herself. "I went to Mrs. Stryver's bank—a beautiful, marble bank, not to save in, but to draw it out—and there was a ladies' room where there were screens to go behind to put the money in your stocking or to take it out."

However, she took her place in line, fuming inwardly, and in due time reached the interest window.

"I want my interest," she said.

"There's no interest on this," said the clerk. "It's only twenty dollars and there won't be any interest payable till it has been in six months. This has only been in three weeks."

"How much interest will there be in six months?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Forty cents," said the clerk.

"Next!"

"Forty cents!" repeated Mrs. Jarr. I'd like to see myself. Give me my money back."

"Take your place in line at the next window and turn in your book," said the clerk. "Next!"

Mrs. Jarr was in a rage by this time, but she took her place in line behind an extremely curious set of people, and finally reached the window. "I want my money," she said.

"Go sit down on the bench over there and wait till your name is called," said the clerk at the window.

"Well, did you ever!" remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Why should I have to wait, why should I have to stand in line, why"——

"Please sit down on the bench," said the clerk.

Mrs. Jarr sat down, tapping her parasol and regarding the people who came and went. Various names were called. Finally one was repeated seven times. "I think that's your name, lady," said the uniformed man, coming over.

"Clara Jarr!" called a voice loudly.

Mrs. Jarr was going to expostulate, but she was led to the window behind a stout, middle-aged woman.

"Please sign here," said the clerk.

"Oh, I can write all right," remarked the stout lady: "only I have the lumbago in my back so terribly that for three weeks"——

"Stand aside!" said the clerk, and Mrs. Jarr edged in. Here she had to give her name, her husband's name, her maiden name, her age, her whole pedigree. Then she signed and was handed a twenty-dollar bill.

"Well, this teaches me a lesson," said Mrs. Jarr, as she walked out. "I'll put my money in Mrs. Stryver's bank after this—she got a hundred dollars with no trouble at all!"

We have certain work to do for our needs, and that is to be done streanuously; other work to do for our delight, and that to be done heartily; neither is it to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will: and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—RUSKIN.

Mollie of the Movies

By Alma Woodward

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Scene: Studios of the Gloria Film Company.

[A small lad with flame-colored thatch dashes through the building calling for Mollie. It is plain to see that the message is urgent. In the midst of a tense scene, Mollie hears the wild cry and steps outside the terrified line. Her director embroiders the air with language.]

MOLLIE (peevishly)—Now don't you go and get all upstage, Bracken. When that sorrel-topped Mercury comes shouting you know it's a prescription from the high mogul and it's gotta be filled. Hey, Athelstane, here I am.

Boy (with hushed emphasis)—Boss wants you in the office—quick!

Mollie (entering office)—Want me?

Boss (with Pinkerton polish)—Sh! It's a ticklish job and it's gotta have somebody slick, like you, to carry it through. Are you game?

Mollie (disconcertingly calm)—Why the gumshoe glide? Is the Gloria Film Company going to be pinched or otherwise chastised?

Boss (hoarsely)—Lissen! A man just came into the building. An' I got a tip that he's the whole cheese in the new Federation of Censors, going around incog to see what he can pin onto us. The guy that slipped me the tip has got the inside on everything so I'm going to play this pill—see? Take him all over the place, Mollie. Be choice in your language. Goo goo a bit. But exercise your Priscilla perk. Sh! Here he comes. Remember, be choice in your language!

[The mysterious stranger enters. Before he has a chance to open his mouth Mollie starts toting him all over the shop.]

Mollie (prunes and prisms)—You will observe, sir, the marvellous construction of this studio building. How we obtain the maximum light from the minimum space. It is a healthful place to work. Our employers do not trouble about the raise in the price of drugs, for they never need drugs—nature is their physician.

[Mollie clears her throat and glances at the mysterious stranger obliquely, to see the effect of her uplift bunk. He appears pleased.]

Mollie (encouraged)—I supposs that you will be interested in seeing a scene being taken. They are doing a darling picture just now. Wholesome—pure as the driven snow, I might say. I am sure it will do your heart good to witness a sweet little story such as this is. I shall take you to the floor where it is being taken.

[They draw near a spot where the second reel of "Roberta, the Pirate's Pal," is being filmed. As they approach, the pirate seizes Roberta by her left ear and pin tucks her over his shoulder, as a slight token of his affection.]

Mollie (nervously)—Of course we have to have a few thrillers on our programme to cater to decadent tastes. But on the whole, our——

[Just then Roberta shrieks with the intensity of a steam calliope. The pirate biffs her a knock-out. The mysterious stranger rips off his coat and jumps into the centre of things, tying knots in the pirate's whiskers. (His men let them start.)]

Mollie (gasping)—Why—what—who are you?

Stranger (pompously)—Kid Brannigan's me monnaker, lady. They gimme a steer about wantin' a real lightweight fer a pug pitcher over here an' I come to apply—but, gee, I can't stand fer seein' a lady handled rough like that! I got th' swipe—I got a nifty pair uv trippers an'——

Mollie (faintly)—Holy smoke—the langwidge I wasted—gone, never to return!

Our National Conventions

The Story of Their Beginning and Development

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NO. 6.—Horace Greeley and the Bolt of 1872.

AMERICAN politics in 1872 produced some preposterous conventions and candidates. Gen. Sherman, writing to his brother, John Sherman, the Republican leader, said:

"Grant, who never was a Republican, is your candidate, and Greeley, who never was a Democrat, but quite the contrary, is the Democratic candidate."

Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, meeting Dr. Livingston in the heart of Africa, gave the noted missionary the accumulated news of five years, winding up with the American politics.

"Hold on," exclaimed Livingston. "You have told me stupendous things and with a confiding simplicity I have swallowed them down. But there is a limit to all things, and when you tell me that Horace Greeley is become a Democratic candidate I will be hanged if I believe it."

Internal dissension developed in the Republican Party during Grant's administration, resulting in a third party calling themselves Liberal Republicans. They met in Cincinnati in 1872, a revolt not unlike the Progressive split in 1912.

Many eminent men, theorists and reformers joined. Among them were Carl Schurz, Senator Lyman Trumbull of Illinois, Senator Fenton of New York, Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, and a host of newspaper editors, including Horace White of the Chicago Tribune; Samuel Bowles, Springfield Republican; Murat Halstead, Cincinnati Commercial; Henry Watterson, Louisville Courier-Journal, and Horace Greeley, New York Tribune.

It was a mass meeting rather than a convention. No delegates had been elected in the regular way. A roll was made up, assigning to each State delegates equal to its Congressional representation.

They struggled over a platform first, adopting unanimously many reform propositions, chief of which was a demand for speedy removal of political disabilities of Southerners and more liberal treatment of the States lately in rebellion. But tariff reform, one of the animating causes of the movement, they side-stepped because they could not agree.

Horace Greeley was nominated for President on the sixth ballot, his principal opponent being Charles Francis Adams.

The Democrats, who had been in hopeless minority since the Civil War, met in national convention at Baltimore two months later. Thinking to play a strategic political trick on the regular Republicans, they adopted the Liberal Republican platform and nominated Greeley as their candidate.

The Republican Old Guard refused to be bluffed and meeting at Philadelphia renominated President Grant and stood pat on their record.

For a time during the campaign there was indication that Greeley would win, but before election day the preposterousness of his nomination and the impossible combination of Liberal Republicans and unreconcilable Democrats became apparent.

Grant was overwhelmingly victorious at the polls. Greeley's spirit was shattered and in three weeks he died.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.—HOLMES.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

AUGUST 11—It is 3 o'clock in the morning after the dinner-dance at Mrs. Denford's, three hours since we returned. Ned is asleep. The light from the shaded candle beside me does not disturb him. I have not been able to close my eyes. Perhaps if I write it all down clearly, just as it happened, I can forget it for a little while and sleep.

But why did it all happen to-night? Why can I never think without wincing of the first party I attended as Ned's wife? What have I done to those other women that they should hurt me so? Ned, darling, is it true that I oughtn't to have married you; that I shall only be a millstone around your neck; that I am your "impossible wife"? Oh, I can't believe it!

But I must begin at the beginning. All to-day—yesterday, I mean—I thought about Mrs. Denford's dinner. I wondered if my rose-colored evening gown was nice enough. It is my prettiest, costliest frock, and Ned told me once that it made me look like the spirit of June. But it wasn't made to wear just east of Fifth Avenue.

I hope I'm not a snob. I do NOT think "society people" are any better or any more interesting than other people who don't pretend to be aristocratic. I like men and women because they are amusing, or kind, or clever, or charming—not because they are blue-blooded. But one may have one's own standards and yet acknowledge the existence of others in the world around one. There is a general belief—and I think Ned shares it—that Mrs. Denford and her friends are the "best people" in New York. I admit that I did want to make a good impression on them, and that I was a little bit afraid of their expensiveness, their sophistication, their searching, insolent eyes. For I never played with them before. I've been married less than two months, and I'm only twenty-two.

Ned came home early, bringing me a great sheaf of roses that matched my gown. He so obviously admired it—and me—that I felt quite cheered. And, like every man who can wear evening clothes at all, he looks particularly superb in them. Above a broad expanse of white his eyes seem twice as black as usual and the dinner coat accentuates every line of his splendid shoulders.

"Dear, I love you," I said distinctly, as we waited for the telephone call that would tell us our car had arrived.

"You'll put it all over everybody we see to-night," he declared. Then he bent his head and kissed the little hollow in my throat. • • • Ned, you do love me! And it doesn't matter what they say—you always will love me.

In the darkness of the car I 'fessed up that I was a bit frightened. I hadn't admitted it to anybody but myself before.

My husband pressed my hand reassuringly. "You'll be the prettiest thing there," he repeated earnestly. You'll have a good time, too—see if you don't. Mrs. Denford is a faddist, but she knows how to do things."

We had been in the big Louis Quinze salon only a few minutes when dinner was announced. Not knowing any of Mrs. Denford's friends, I had worried a bit about my ability to entertain the man who might take me in to dinner. But as was my hostess's younger brother, Mr. Richard Thorndyke, and just a nice boy. He reminded me so much of my young cousin George that I felt at home with him at once, particularly after I learned that he and George had gone to the same college.

We talked about it, for I had attended several dances as George's guest. Then we discovered a kindred enthusiasm for collie dogs and when I followed my hostess into the drawing room, where coffee was served, I had almost lost my chilling sense of being a stranger.

It returned to me again when I saw all the other women light cigarettes.

(To Be Continued.)

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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Don't get discouraged if a colander leaks. That's its nature.

There are some uncivilized tribes in the New Hebrides who have never seen an intoxicated chauffeur chase pedestrians up on the sidewalk.

An embalmer rarely gets a complaint from his customers.

A space economist has invented a folding thimble that will occupy only one-third the space used by the bulky and awkward thimbles now in use.

As the floor under a bureau is now practically a dead loss, a Baltimore man has evolved a scheme to utilize the space by putting young greyhounds under 'em and training them to be dachshunds.

It is possible to light a cigar by touching it to a third rail.

A Flatbush baker is putting a reversible biscuit on the market that tastes just as good on either side.

A non-refillable fountain pen is the brilliant idea of a New York genius to prevent 'em from spilling in your pocket.

Owing to the vibration of numerous subways under New York's hotels, chefs find it impossible to serve calves-foot jelly that will not quiver nervously.